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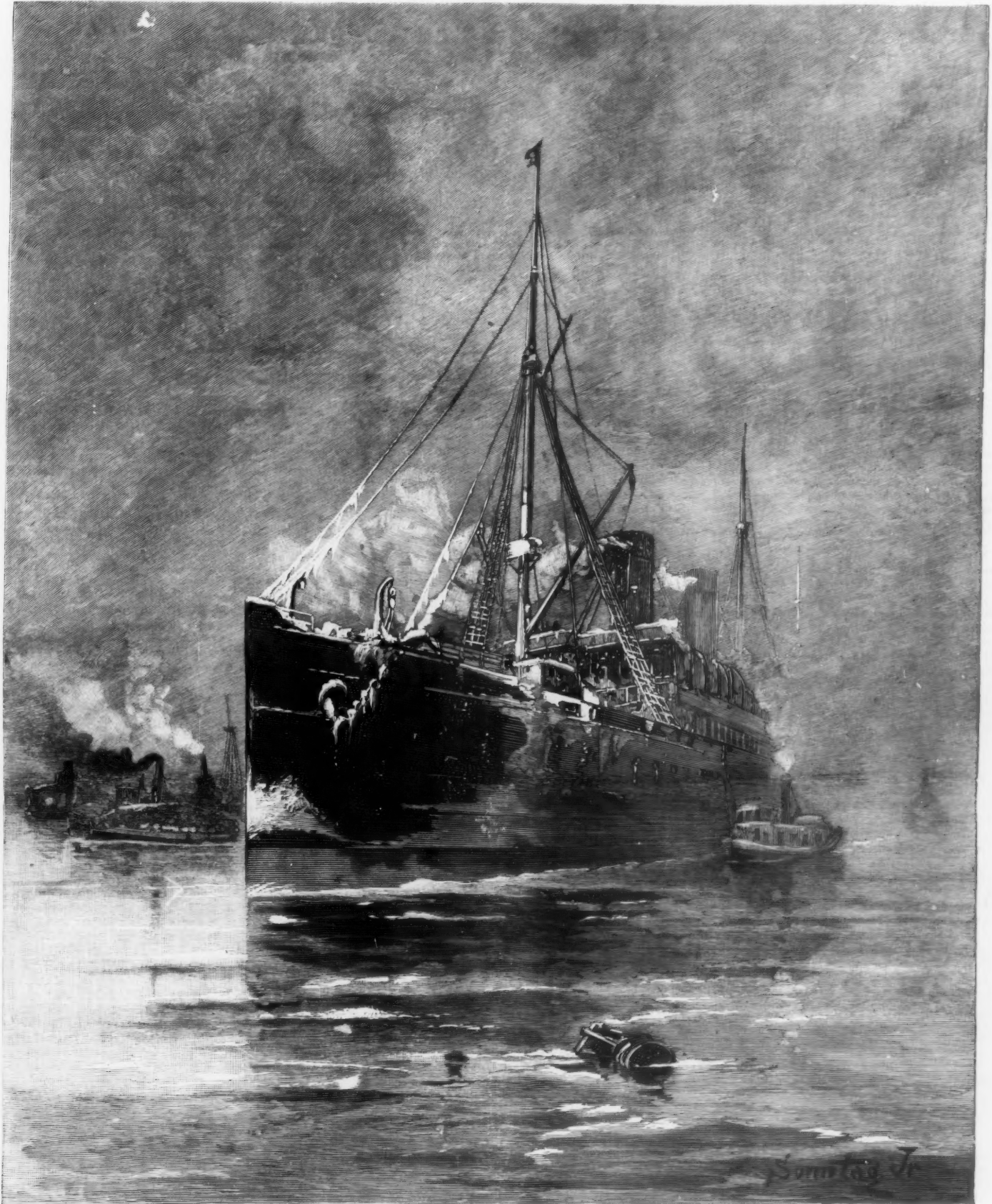
# ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, MARCH 3, 1894.

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# ALL AMONG OURSELVES

No, after all, you can only express the idea in French words, and the words are *fin-de-siècle*.

"CENTURY END" sounds tame and flat by the side of the rattling three-barreled Gallic expression. And as for epichology, it wouldn't fill the bill at all. The ingenious Frenchmen have given "the thing" its right name, and the name has "caught on" wonderfully—in fact, so universally that the *Fall Mall Magazine* declares it is already "worn so threadbare by thousands of chattering tongues and scribbling pens" that it is abandoned "to the crowd."

Not so, my Lord Hamilton. It is anything but threadbare as yet, or your clever contributor, H. D. Traill, would not have favored you with an article of so much interest as is "The Youthful Pessimist." The fact is, the imagination is responsible for many of the curious events that sometimes crowd toward the end of a century. The imagination loves to dabble in eras, and though "every year is a hundred years from some other year," and in that view no more significant or solemn than the recurrence of the hundredth, somehow the human brain "catches on" more tenaciously to the great round figures of a century and causes the imagination to play around it as something mysterious, fraught with unusual benefits or disasters to the human race.

THEREFORE I am inclined to believe, with Mr. Traill, the *Fall Mall Magazine* writer, that "the mere consciousness of the fact that in a few years' time the planet will complete another hundred of the revolutions which it has made round the sun" since the year 1800 "has a profoundly disturbing effect on the brain of Christendom." Indeed, this is so evident all over the world now that it demands no proof. Everybody is talking about the subject. Poets are flooding the press with *fin-de-siècle* verses, historians are preparing their material for the new epoch or era, and "scribbling pens" are busy all over the world adding contributions to the end of the century customs, conceits, romance and what-not. And the lovers of the "occult" are in their glory. It is their hour. Hence the sudden outbreak of all the mysticism in literature, the revival of interest in astrology, palmistry, theosophy and every species of eccentric and diabolical doctrinism, fashioned to the phantasies of the hour.

BUT I have been much interested in Mr. Traill's remark that the pessimism—which is called the *maladie du siècle*, or *de la fin-de-siècle*—is rapidly healing itself. It seems to have been very rampant a while ago among the youth—that is to say, among young men and young women scarcely ever beyond the age of twenty-five years, whose despair over life he attributes to overeducation, which produces a crude ferment in but half-developed minds, and tasks the physical powers at the same time. In short, it is burning the candle at both ends. When mind and body are not wholly ruined, the result is encyclopedic smatterers, who have only "just

enough knowledge of a variety of subjects to beget a feeling of intellectual weariness," lassitude and dejection. It is consoling to learn from Mr. Traill that society in general is being saved at last by the awful example of the pessimistic youth. Let me quote here a few paragraphs from the *Fall Mall* article:

"Between us, youths and elders together, we have, beyond question, 'run things very fine,' and if we who are no longer in our first youth had not pulled ourselves together of late, and shaken off the depression which first began to gain upon us about the beginning of the last quarter of the century, there is no knowing what might have happened. For the last fifteen years and more our spirits had been gradually sinking lower and lower, and our pessimistic views becoming more and more confirmed; so that down within the last two or three years we certainly had, or thought we had, no reserve within ourselves of that hopefulness and 'go' which is as the fuel of the human machine. Perhaps we were waiting for the children born in the later sixties and earlier seventies to grow up to man's estate and to 'stoke' the smoldering furnace with shovelfuls of young enthusiasm. But those of us who were waiting for this were doomed to woful disappointment; for as soon as these newcomers made their appearance we perceived, to our consternation, that they bore in their hands, not shovels but buckets, and that their contribution to the dying fire consisted not of fuel but of water! They were pessimists!—pessimists to a boy—ay, and almost to a girl too! Thereupon it became clear to the least reflective among us that a crisis was at hand . . . that the machine could not be run on these terms, and that unless fresh motive power were procurable it would be brought to a standstill. Then the reaction came."

AND how was the salvation effected? Not by the youth, which (both sexes) had turned pessimistic, but by cheerful middle-aged men.

"The explanation of the fact may be open to dispute; but, as to the fact itself, I challenge the contradiction of any fairly observant man. Not only in most departments of literature, but in all the common forms of social intercourse, it is plainly discernible. Not only in the novel, in the play, in the poem, in the essay, but at the dinner-table, in the salon and in the smoking-room, are we startled by the novel contrast between the settled despondency of our youth and the comparatively happy temperament of their elders. Bald-headed optimists abound. Hopeful graybeards inspire us everywhere with their lively prattle. It is the lions of the widest dimensions which are girt up most manfully for the daily tasks of man. The foot which treads the path of life most buoyantly supports, as a rule, a weight of from twelve to fourteen stone."

At first blush, there seems no connection between pessimism and *fastingism*, if I may use such a word. But there is some relation between the two things. Lent, the great Christian season of fasting and penitence, represents the good old conservative order of things—the spiritual order which teaches mankind to look beyond the mundane sphere to the optimism of the life hereafter. The pessimism of the last three decades or so naturally resulted from the rude breaking away from all the old safeguards of religion—in other words, the reduction of sentiment and everything sacred to the cold test of science. As if science could ever be all-satisfying—as if life without sentiment, poetry, imagination, superstition, if you will, could ever be worth the living!

AND here we are already in mid-Lent! Is the decay of the spirit of pessimism a sign of the approaching revival of healthful optimism in the religious sense? It looks like it. The Lenten rigors are being practiced with more than usual zeal. Of course, there are people averse to the practice of bodily mortification, who like to jeer at it as a relic of superstition, which ought to be swept away. But, as a matter of fact, the Lenten fast is a wholesome act of discipline, and in the majority of cases its faithful observance produces the most beneficial results, physical and moral.

SOME of the greatest men the world has seen made it a rule to live simply. It requires no profound philosophical insight into human nature to discern the intimate connection between the senses and to recognize the fact that indulgence of one insensibly paves the way to indulgence of all. The need of practicing austerities is felt spontaneously by every man who is honestly self-convicted of excess in any direction. And it would be idle to hold for a minute that one who has never put any curb whatever on his physical appetite is as well equipped for a conflict with moral temptations as the man who has cheerfully practiced regular mortifications of the palate.

Is the swallow-tail doomed? *Quien sabe?* There are some indications of a disposition to get rid of the now somewhat venerable black clipped coat-tails and ebony trousers in favor of blue or green or red cloth, but fashioned much in the same way. Whether the arbiters of fashion will sanction some new style of dress-coat and leg-wear no one seems to know. It is asserted on some good authority that the Prince of Wales favors a change. It is even said that on a recent occasion he appeared at some important social gathering arrayed in a scarlet dress-coat! Jenkins does not state what the *et ceteras* were; but if this alleged breach in the walls of convention has really been made by Albert Edward, will not the chappies of both hemispheres be soon rushing to the front? What says Ward McAllister? Where is Tom Howard, and where, oh where, is J. Cunningham Furman?

Yot remember, don't you, how Tom and Jack, not so very long ago, sailed into a fashionable drawing-room here in New York in all the glory of silken hose, satin

knickerbockers, velvet coats and buckled shoes. The dear boys did really look dangerously picturesque—Sir Christopher Hutton wasn't it with them—during their brief triumph over the Contemporary and the Commonplace. But *voilà tout!* There was no crush at the tailors' shops next morning; for though some may have sighed to go and do likewise, barriers almost insurmountable stood in the way of similar achievement. To many, it was a question of the Almighty \$; with others, the fear of cutting a ridiculous figure loomed large; and a few, having both the wherewithal and the courage of their opinions, were so racked with uncertainty as to the colors which would become them, that they finally threw up the matter in despair and went back resignedly to their uncompromising black and white.

THEN, again, we have had still more recently the attempt of certain merchant-tailors to restore the blue or green dress-coats of our respected grandfathers. But all these have come to naught. At least, imitation has not made itself startlingly manifest. So that really, you know, the day when the respectability of boiled shirt, black coat and ebony pants—I ask your pardon, Mr. Dana—will be consigned to the obsolete does not appear to be alarmingly near. There are still those who cherish their clipped tails and snowy shirt-bosoms, and who are prepared to meet the threatened innovation with a defiant "*guenille si l'on veut, ma guenille n'est chère.*" It remains to be seen, however, what effect the example of royalty will have even upon unwilling imitators.

THEY are trying to make out that Gladstone is doubly entitled to claim royal lineage, and is, in fact, cousin to Queen Victoria. The French paper, *Gaulois*, gives this pedigree of the Grand Old Man: John of Beaufort, legitimate son of John of Gaunt, "time honored Lancaster," was the progenitor of two great Scotch lines of dukes—Sutherland and Athol. Jane Gordon, of the house of Sutherland, married Hughes Mackay, ancestor five generations back of Anne Robertson, mother of Mr. Gladstone. On the other side, Elizabeth Stuart, of the house of Athol, married Colin Mackenzie, ancestor six generations back of Anne Mackenzie, grandmother of Mr. Gladstone.

THE country is again so stirred up over the tariff that the portraits of six of the leading debaters in the Senate cannot but prove interesting. Look at them on page 12; and examine, also, the portrait of Mrs. Richard Croker, about whom some very interesting facts will be found on page 6. The wives of prominent men always possess unusual interest for the public, and Mrs. Croker seems to be one of those who can stand the closest scrutiny from every point of view.

MR. LEMUEL QUIGG, one of the youngest men in Congress, seems to be the right man in the right place. Scarcely has he taken his seat when he plunges into hard work by appearing before the committee having in charge the Hudson River Bridge project. His address before the committee is spoken of highly. How much more satisfying is the working Congressman than the mere Congressman who spouts for buncombe. It is exasperating to read in the daily papers of the time wasted by useless filibustering and nonsensical speeches only intended for local constituencies. What a scene that was in the House of Representatives on Washington's Birthday when the Speaker had to order the arrest of several recalcitrant members, and when one defied the Sergeant-at-Arms to lay hands on him!

Do the English people so dearly love the House of Lords that they will allow that body to do as it pleases in matters of legislation? Or is there any basis for the occasional cry that the House of Lords is about to be abolished over there? It was said, when the Lords so summarily rejected Home Rule for Ireland, that they would not, ultimately and on last appeal, stand out against the will of the English people demanding the passage of that measure. But they are standing out, and Home Rule is so still about it that the Lords seem to be on top. But there is a more bitter pill than that for the English people to swallow. The Employers' Liability Bill was passed by the House of Commons, and the Lords amended it with a proviso that workmen might exempt themselves from its benefits by special contract. When the amended bill was sent back to the Commons, the latter body passed Henry Cobb's compromise that workmen having special agreements with employers for accident insurance be exempted from the operations of the bill. This compromise the Lords rejected, by a vote of 137 to 23. It is alleged the English people are aroused. Henry Labouchere has written a letter declaring that the House of Lords must not reject or alter bills approved by the House of Commons. The Employers' Liability Bill is defeated. So is Home Rule. The Farish Councils Bill is not much better. The Lords are at present very influential in England. Will the English people abolish them? Or will the Lords abolish the people's will? It is a close question.



MR. JOSEPH KEPPLER, editor and part proprietor of *Puck*, died at his home in New York last week, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. Mr. Keppler's career in New York began in 1872, when he took employment as a cartoonist with *Frank Leslie's Weekly*. In 1876 Keppler and Schwarzmann established the German *Puck*, which was a success from the start. *Puck*—the English *Puck*—which earned both fame and fortune for its owners, was started six months later. It has been generally conceded that *Puck* is the leading humorous paper in this country, if not in the world. Personally, Mr. Keppler was of a genial, jovial disposition. He was inclined to be witty rather than humorous. He has given the world many a hearty laugh, denounced and laughed down many a sham. He was in the midst of affairs, in the prime of life, in the acme of usefulness when he was stricken down. Like too many of our best men, he was killed by overwork. An excellent portrait of him will be found in the present number.

ing by William Beebe, a young neighbor, who called with a basket of potatoes for the old people. It is the most horrible crime ever committed in Sullivan County. No clew to the murderers. If caught, there will be little need of trial.



THE LATE JOSEPH KEPPLER.

THE story of Father Kneipp, the Bavarian priest-doctor whom the Pope has just sent for to be his medical adviser, reads like a fairy-tale. This good man has for several years past been working wonderful cures upon patients afflicted with consumption, spinal disease and other serious maladies. The little village of Woerishofen, the scene of his humble pastorate, has become a place of pilgrimage for the sick and infirm, numbers of whom are "made whole" and sent away rejoicing by the good father. Where the fairy-tale analogy chiefly comes in is in the simplicity of the treatment, and in the complete disinterestedness of Father Kneipp, who demands no payment for his services. Such remuneration as is tendered him by wealthy and grateful patients he accepts, but devotes entirely to the Church and charitable purposes. Father Kneipp makes no secret of the nature of his treatment, which consists mainly in the application of cold water douches to the parts affected. No drying process is permitted. The patients are required to put their clothes on with their bodies still wet, and then either go to bed, or take a brisk walk out-of-doors, barefoot. But there is probably some additional virtue in Father Kneipp's treatment, or in the atmospheric conditions of Woerishofen which completes the wonderful cures effected. It would scarcely be advisable for consumptives in this country to experiment with his simple prescription on the strength of its reported efficacy. The result would doubtless be the rapid extermination of the disease; but not exactly in a manner appreciable by those affected—unless they happened to be even more disinterested than Father Kneipp.

#### THE GAYLORD MINE.

THE sad event of the thirteen miners entombed in the Gaylord Mine at Plymouth, Fla., has caused considerable excitement throughout the mining districts. Half an hour's ride in the electric cars from Wilkesbarre will take you to the scene of the disaster. The town is inhabited chiefly by miners, mostly Welsh and Irish. Daily, and all day, since the awful catastrophe crowds are standing around the shaft of the Gaylord mine. Every now and then the crowd rushes toward the partial opening, with inquiring looks, to learn the fate of the miners.

They still cling to the hope of finding them alive. If they were not caught in the "fall," they are undoubtedly living, as the air is pure, and they have two mules with them. The superintendent has employed the most experienced miners in the work of rescue, and as many of them as the space in the tunnel will permit. A gang of men are kept in reserve; in case one man becomes exhausted, another is ready to take his place. Another crew on the surface are engaged in taking logs down the shaft for timbering. The work of rescue is carried on with the utmost system and precision.

Previous to the disaster the Gaylord mine had not been operated for some time, until the landlords of the district were informed by expert engineers, who had examined the mines, that several thousand tons of coal could be gotten out of the old workings at little expense. When the pickers began chipping from the enormous weight above, it was feared that a "squeeze" would eventually occur. They tried to prevent it by timbering; but, as an old miner said, all the timber in the forest could not have prevented the fall. These unfortunate men were all experienced miners, and for the sake of their families, half against their own will, they went down the shaft to face the danger. Several of the men came up again, seeing the danger ahead.

The stricken families are being taken care of by the bosses. The village of Plymouth and the country at large are still hoping against hope that the entombed miners may be recovered alive.—(See page 13.)

JACOB A. MOORE, aged eighty, and his housekeeper, Jane Raymond, who is ninety years old, were murdered at their home, near Monticello, N. Y., on the night of Washington's Birthday, the bodies being horribly mutilated with a barn shovel. They were poor, and their only income was a pension of twelve dollars a month. A few days ago Mr. Moore received thirty-six dollars on his quarterly pension check, and it is supposed the possession of this amount in their humble home led the murderers to their awful deed. Beside the body of the old pensioner lay his cane, which he doubtless used to repel the aggressors. The old man had taken off his boots and coat to retire for the night. The old lady's shoes were found near the stove. Kindling was neatly arranged near the stove to build the fire in the morning. The beds were undisturbed. One of the old man's pants' pockets bore bloody finger-prints, and the inside door-knob was covered with the marks of a bloody hand. The bodies were found on the floor next morn-

ALEXANDER MOHR assaulted B. J. Ludwig, the Fourteenth Street dry-goods merchant in his store, February 23, and but for the timely assistance of Bookkeeper Altenberg and Superintendent Schoolhouse, another tragedy might have been added to the list of crank murders. Mohr was armed with a revolver and an elephant's tusk eighteen inches long. He demanded one hundred thousand dollars. When overpowered and committed for an examination as to his sanity, his face was deathly pale and his lips covered with bloody foam. He was formerly employed by Mr. Ludwig, and was discharged on account of his queer tendencies. The merchant is convinced that Mohr is demented.

THE Harrison homestead, corner of Ashland and Jackson Boulevards, Chicago, has been leased to E. W. Kohlhaas for two years. Carter Harrison, Jr., said: "It was in that house that the shot was fired which killed my father, and it seems impossible for any of us to ever enter the dining-room without having it recalled to our minds. It seems best for all of the family to reside elsewhere, at least for the present."

In the southern portion of Starr County, Texas, about eighty miles southwest of Corpus Christi, desolation and misery have followed a three-years' drought. Many people have died of starvation, and numbers are now living upon the flesh stripped from animals that died of starvation. Ranches have been deserted, and not a living thing is to be seen upon them except carrion crows and coyotes. The people are all Mexicans, and no news of their condition reached Corpus Christi until the 23d. Assistance was at once sent out. The trip to Paisano Ranch, where the unfortunate people are huddled together, is a three days' journey under the most favorable circumstances. A cold, wet north wind was blowing for three days when the news reached Corpus Christi. The plains are literally strewn with the dead carcasses of animals.

SENATOR McMILLAN of Michigan favors a bill to re-classify and fix the salaries of railway postal clerks.

The Senator, in reporting to the Senate, says that a postal clerk on the average trunk line works fourteen hours a day for one-half the time—or the equivalent of seven hours a day for three hundred and sixty-five days. If sick or absent, he must pay his substitute. The day he is off duty he must study two hours and one-half, in order to keep himself up to the standard of efficiency. He works three thousand and ten hours a year, while the department clerk works eighteen hundred and sixty-nine hours. The railway postal clerk must pay double the rate of insurance that the department clerk pays. His clothing lasts about half as long. He is away from home most of the time, with hotel bills to pay. The railway postal clerk ought to have his salary raised all along the line. Every fair-minded citizen will wish success to Senator McMILLAN and to that favorable report.

GOVERNOR GREENHALGE of Massachusetts had his first experience with the ultra-unemployed last week. A party named Morrison L. Swift seemed to be the

leader of some two thousand Anarchist-Socialists who invaded the State Capitol on Beacon Street, Boston, asking peremptorily to be put to work. But Mr. Swift went so far as to say—in the absence of the Governor—that they would clean out the State House unless their "request" were granted. When the Governor came upon the scene, his excellency asked Swift whether he intended to clean out the State House. Swift replied he meant to do so by the ballot. Greenhalge, the Governor, intimated that he did not like such language, in any case. Then the bluecoats came—and Swift's people were not as swift as they thought they were. The Bay State Capitol is still cleaned out in the usual way.

MR. ERASTUS WIMAN was a prisoner in the Tombs on the night of February 21, charged with forgery. R. G. Dun & Co., Mercantile Agency, 314 Broadway, charge him, also, with embezzling \$229,018.90. In February, 1893, Wiman severed his connection with the agency, and in the April following made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors. He entered the employ of Dun & Co. in 1886, and added greatly to the business of the firm, which was formed into an association January 1, 1889. Wiman, it is alleged, was not a partner in the business; but was to receive a salary annually proportioned to the profits, of which he, as general manager, was to receive a certain percentage. At present writing, little can be said toward disentangling the case. Rumors are afloat that the prisoner will plead guilty and throw himself on the mercy of the Court. On the other hand, it is stated that an explanation of the affair will be given to the public, claiming Mr. Wiman's total innocence of all wrong-doing. He had not, at this writing, succeeded in getting bail in the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars fixed by the Court.

THE Latest—Just as we go to press Mr. Erastus Wiman has been released on bail, and is at the bedside of his son, who is ill of pneumonia. Sheriff Clancy of New York has died of pneumonia. A startling dispatch comes from Mexico that Representative Wilson is down with typhoid fever at Aguas Calientes. Steele Mackaye, author and actor, died at Chicago. Norman L. Munro, publisher, New York, died after an operation for appendicitis.

THE Metropolitan Club, composed of wealthy New Yorkers, opened its palatial quarters March 1. It is one of the grandest structures of the kind in the world.

GOVERNOR HOGG has been arrested, under the Texas law against killing deer in the close season. It is believed political spite prompted the arrest. The Governor has given bond, and says he is willing to pay the fine if the case is proved against him.

OUR cruiser *Detroit* followed Mello's ships, last week, with a view to seeing the work of the *Nittheroy*, if an engagement took place. At this writing, our Yankee's curiosity has not been gratified.

EMILE ZOLA has been again refused admittance to the French Academy.

#### JAPANESE ART.

SOME very good examples of modern Japanese decorative art may be seen at the Water-Color Society's Exhibition, now being held at the Academy of Design. The collection includes only about a dozen panels; but they are specially interesting because freshly imported from Japan and bearing the names of prominent living artists. They are painted on white silk. A pair of large panels, by Kagatoshii, are extremely good. One, done in exquisite grays, shows two white storks seeking shelter from a driving rain-storm under the broad leaves of the lotus. In the other, a pair of ducks are standing among thin reeds. There is a little gem, by Hildemars—just two little birds sleeping on a light bough, which all but sways, so graceful and tender is the drawing. Bairei's gorgeous design of lotus, Tamado's blue convolvulus, Choshi's fine landscape, Amagi's horses and Taki's puppies all command a share of admiration. Students and art-lovers would do well to take a look at the collection.

#### OUR LIBRARY NOVELS.

THE second and concluding part of Mrs. McCulloch Williams's great story, "Mile," will go out with our next number, and will be followed, two weeks later, by "Chords and Discords," by the distinguished Austrian novelist, Ossip Schubin.



THE long-drawn contest over the Supreme Court vacancy is over, and Edward Douglas White, of Louisiana, has carried off the prize. Curiously enough, neither the President nor Senator Hill has really won a victory.



MR. FRANCIS CARLYLE AS RAPHAEL AND  
MISS JENNY GOLDTHWAITE AS LAURANA



RAPHAEL DORIA AND SPINOLA AND THEIR FOLLOWERS



THE PRINCESS DISCOVERS  
HER HUSBAND'S  
INFIDELITY  
AT THE  
V AVE  
THEATRE



THE YOUNG YOUNG  
DANCER



MISS KATHRINE CLEMMONS AS  
THE "LADY OF VENICE"



THE LAST ACT  
MISS CLEMMONS, MR. CARLYLE AND MR. MAURICE BARRYMORE.

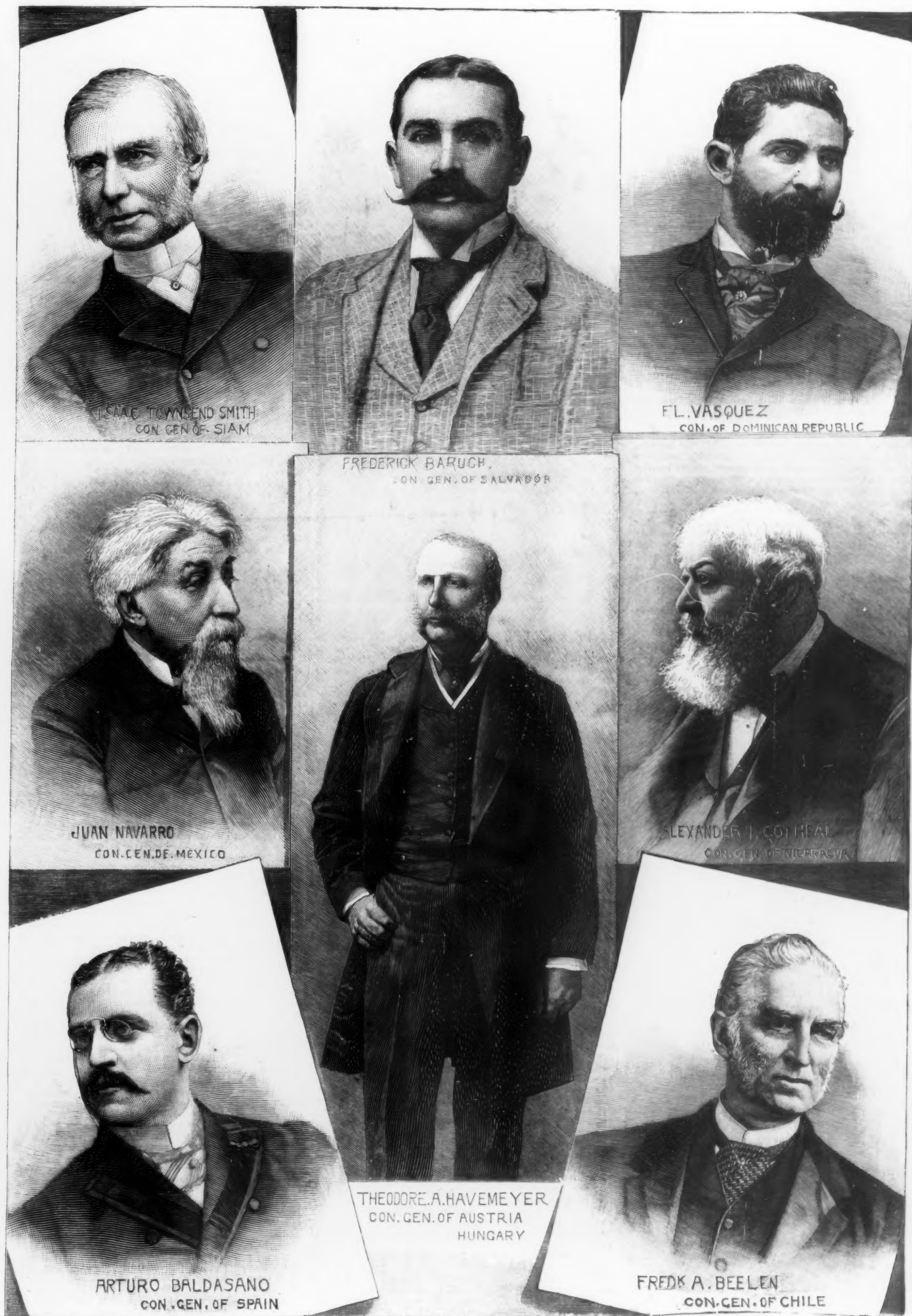


THE LADY OF VENICE TAKES HER HUSBAND'S PLACE IN THE DUEL.

SOME SCENES FROM THE MOST REMARKABLE DRAMATIC FAILURE OF THE SEASON.

(See page 11.)





A GROUP OF RESIDENT CONSULS.

(See page 15.)

## THE CROKER FAMILY

### AT HOME AND ABROAD

BY M. MARTIN

ALL and queenly, Mrs. Richard Croker enters a drawing-room with the ease and grace of a duchess. Apparently unconscious of herself and of the position she holds as the wife of him who makes the rulers of the Metropolis of this Continent, she converses with an affable fluency and sympathetic appreciation that charms, attracts and attaches her listener even in face of a possibly preconceived prejudice against the leaders of Tammany.

A rich black silk gowns her stately figure, relieved about the neck by creamy lace. Her soft, dark hair has the natural luster that comes only from regular and vigorous brushing, and is becomingly coiled above her well-shaped head. The soulful eyes are bright with the purest domestic happiness—the greatest beautifier a woman can have—and her frank, sensible friendliness kindles enthusiastic loyalty. When, as sometimes happens, one woman warmly admires what is beautiful in another, can any admiration be purer or more genuine? No haughty arrogance mars the grace of her manner; and neither art nor cosmetic has spoiled the sweet, frank face that shows a splendid woman glowing with the combined charm of good health, good living, domestic joy, a heart overrunning with motherly love, and a loyal devotion to her husband and his interests.

"Won't you give me a few biographical facts for my sketch?"

"No. Mr. Croker never seeks notoriety. It is distasteful to him, and I—well, you know, I am so absorbed in my home duties that I have neither time nor taste for public life or political affairs—and, really, there is nothing of sufficient importance to tell," she replies, with that unconscious simplicity that indicates a true-hearted woman, modest and sincere, who, never having sought it, has had prominence thrust upon her by the series of events that have so panoplied her husband with power that he is called the "Warwick of New York."

"Yes," I answer, "I understand how little you might care for the publicity of newspaper articles, whether friendly or unfriendly; but you must remember that there are many people who feel a natural and innocent curiosity about the every-day individual lives of those who have been set up by them in power. Surely it would be but pleasing to them and kindly in you to gratify such curiosity. I want those little details that will interest the large clientele of refined women who eagerly scan the 'Woman's Columns' now to be found in every popular newspaper."

"Oh, well, if you think the plain, simple facts are of the slightest interest, I certainly would be unwilling to deny them, for Mr. Croker feels that he owes his position to The People."

"Then I hope you will forgive my asking you about your personal matters, your home life, your children? May I not tell countless mothers, in whose homes the name of Croker is a household word, about your big boys and your little girls? Mrs. Cleveland's babies are everywhere known through the press to the mothers and

well-known. They were Presbyterians, strait-laced and blue; but their lineal descendant, Elizabeth, wife of Richard Welstead Croker, is now a devout Roman Catholic, and it was she who was instrumental in bringing her husband into that faith. Although descended from a good old Irish family, he was born a Protestant, and when he begged her to marry him, she told him that she could not unless he would consent to espouse her religious faith.

He replied that he had already been interested in the eloquent preaching at St. Stephen's, and that he would be only too glad to adopt her belief. This he did two weeks before his marriage, and he has since been one of the most consistent and devout of the "Faithful." When politicians besiege him on Sunday morning, he lets them wait until, with his sons, he has first been to



MRS. RICHARD CROKER.

Mass. He is devotedly attached to his wife, his children and his home; and he favors the appointment to public office of "family men," who, besides being proof against obnoxious scandals, are sure, he says, to work hard for the sake of their families, and to be guided by right principle and honorable ambition. He is direct in manner, unaffected and straightforward, and free from the inflation and inaccessible haughtiness that characterize many who are intrusted with only a "little brief authority" in affairs of State.

Mr. Richard Croker's father, who came to New York many years ago, a scion of one of the oldest families of Ireland, was haughty and commanding in disposition—quite unlike his son, who is thoroughly democratic in feeling and action, gentle and urbane not only with "the leaders," but with all the rank and file of the thousands that have made him their chief. This is one of the secrets of that magnetic power which has made men confide to him absolute responsibility for the highest interests of the city.

Traveling in America with a large family, his father finally came to the end of his cash resources, although his mother retained, and still retains, her personal income, which has always come from her family in Ireland. She lives now with her daughter, Mrs. Jenkins, and is a great sufferer from an accidental fall, which keeps her confined to an invalid's bed.

When his father had spent his own money in the expenses of his family, the young Richard addressed himself with vigor, honesty and energy to hard work. The excellence of his ancestry and the sterling qualities of the character of the young man won the unchanging friendship of "Honest John Kelly," and advancement was not long in coming.

Democratic Richard sets little store by the Croker crest, which is six or seven hundred years old. Some one gave him a beautifully painted and framed copy of the coat-of-arms of his family, and he hung it on the basement stairs. A few years ago Mr. and Mrs. Croker and their children made a visit to that "home" which every Irishman remembers so lovingly, although it may have been his baby feet which left it. Mr. Croker's mother's brother Richard Welstead lives upon a beautiful old estate near Queenstown. As they drove up to the park gates, the lodge-keeper came down to open them for the carriage. He looked at Mr. Croker, and then, with the familiarity of an old servant, said: "From your favor, you're the Croker nephew from America." The house servants all saw the same likeness to the family. The portraits of Mr. Croker as a boy are handsome, showing a round, large face, much like his own son's to-day.

The Welstead house is a typical English or Irish country house, set back in a wooded park, a mile across, surrounded by a brick wall, overgrown with beautiful ivy.

On Sunday, when the family were walking to the chapel near by, they met some old peasant women, who stopped, and, pointing to the little three-year-old son of Mrs. Croker, who walked with his mother, said:

"That child is a Croker. He looks like his father used to look when he was a little fellow." The young Richard was brought by his parents to America when he was a mere child, and he is now about forty-nine. How could any one foresee in those days the career of marvelous extremes that awaited him in the New World?

When his aristocratic relatives begged him to bring

his family back and live near his mother's own people, where he would, like the rest of them, be "somebody in the world"—a world that bows only to social rank and proud lineage—he said: "No, New York is good enough for me. I am democratic, and I think more of my democratic friends in America than of all the aristocrats in the old country."

Every Sunday the numerous servants and retainers of the Welsteads invite their "kith and kin" to feast with them, and often there will be not less than a hundred to dinner. You meet them coming from all directions, saying, if asked, they are on their way to the "Welstead place."

The elder sons of Mr. and Mrs. Croker are now being prepared by a tutor for Yale.

The children, fine, healthy and sturdy, are six in number: Richard, Jr., seventeen; Frank, sixteen; Herbert, eleven; Florrie, eight; Howard, six; and Baby Ethel, four.

The Roman mother, Cornelia, was not more proud of her jewels than is Mrs. Croker of hers. With a touch of sorrowful tenderness she sometimes talks with her nearest and dearest friends of the two little ones that are in Heaven.

## THE TARIFF IN THE SENATE

BY GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN

THE peculiar conditions under which the new tariff bill comes into the Senate make possible what is quite unusual in tariff discussions there—a debate on the general question of high or low tariff; of protection against free trade or against a simple revenue law. Usually there is more or less debate of this kind during the discussion of the schedules; but, as a rule, the Senate analyzes each feature of a tariff bill and considers it on its technical merits. The general debate will be on a proposition to recommit the bill, so that the Committee on Finance may give hearings to those interested. The technical debate will follow.

A technical discussion of a tariff bill requires, of course, a technical knowledge of the existing law, as well as of the law proposed. Each member of the Senate is expected to be thoroughly informed about the interests of his State which are likely to be affected by tariff legislation. Sometimes he meets this expectation; often he does not. Not more than one Senator in ten is capable of carrying on a technical discussion of a large number of tariff schedules, so the burden of debate will rest on a few shoulders.

On the Republican side of the Senate it will be borne chiefly by Mr. Allison and Mr. Aldrich; on the Democratic side, by Mr. Jones of Arkansas, Mr. Vest and Mr. Mills. These gentlemen have been preparing material for debate for some time past. In fact, the Democrats were at work on the question of tariff revision in one of the underground rooms of the Capitol long before the Wilson Bill passed the House.

Senators do not prepare for themselves all of the material for tariff debates. The majority of the Finance Committee engaged in making a tariff bill calls in a Treasury expert to make calculations of the probable effect of rates, and consults with leading authorities on the advisability of this or that change in the law. Individual Senators employ experts to get together material for them. Thus, Mr. Allison, before the chemical schedule is taken up for analysis, will have some chemical expert in Philadelphia or New York put together for him elaborate tables showing the cost of production, here and abroad, of different chemicals. He will familiarize himself with the facts before coming to the Senate, and he will have these tables on his desk for reference. Of course, those who are interested in manufacturing chemicals will send him many facts of value, which he can verify and use.

There is an understanding between Mr. Allison and Mr. Aldrich that the work of carrying the running-debate shall be divided between them. Mr. Aldrich, for instance, is very familiar with the textile schedule. Mr. Allison, therefore, will make no effort to master that schedule. There are other schedules familiar to Mr. Allison with which Mr. Aldrich will not concern himself.

Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Allison are not men to be compared. Mr. Allison is twelve years older in age and eighteen years older in Congressional experience. He will complete his twentieth year in the United States Senate on the 4th of March next. During his term he has exercised a marked influence in shaping the financial policy of the Republican party. He could have been Secretary of the Treasury more than once if he would have accepted the appointment. He has had an active voice in half a dozen tariff debates.

Mr. Allison is a stout man of good height, who does not look his sixty-five years. He has thick black hair, tipped with silver. There are silver threads in his round beard and in his close-cropped mustache. His voice is soft and pleasant in conversation; strong, but not harsh, in debate.

Mr. Aldrich, who has made an enviable reputation for himself as a champion of protection in his twelve years' service in the Senate, has been a wholesale grocer, a banker, and is now the president of the Consolidated Street Railroads of Rhode Island. He is of medium height, more slender than Mr. Allison, but not at all slender for his height. He has regular, rather handsome features, a gray mustache and gray hair, which is beginning to thin out on his forehead. His voice is pitched higher than Mr. Allison's. He talks to the Senate as he would talk to an individual Senator in the cloak-room.

Perhaps the most ready tariff-debater on the Democratic side of the Senate is Mr. Vest of Missouri. Mr.

With nerves unstrung and heads that ache  
Wise women Bromo-Seltzer take.



MR. RICHARD CROKER.

children of the land, and it seems to me you ought not to deny them personal acquaintance with your girls and boys whose papa helped to put Ruth Cleveland's papa in the White House.

She smiles at my persistence, and shakes her head in a deprecating way, as if to say: "Now, of what possible interest can my little ones be to the people, or to the press, or to their correspondents?"

So I am denied a reported interview for the press, but I will tell you some little things about her family that I know myself and through the knowledge of some of their intimate friends.

Although Mrs. Croker is a native of New York, her ancestors were Scotch people, well-born, well-bred and

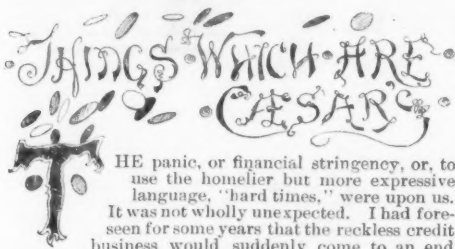


Vest is sixty-three years old. He is a native of Kentucky, and was a practicing attorney in Missouri when he entered the Confederate Congress. He came to the United States Senate in 1879. He has taken an active part in several tariff debates; but it is rather his ability as an attorney than his knowledge of economics that makes him of value in a tariff discussion. Mr. Vest is short and stout. He has a rasping, high-pitched voice, and a tongue that can be very bitter. In spite of his sixty-three years, Mr. Vest's head is not bare. He has a light mustache, and a little tuft of blonde hair adorns his chin. He is a member of the sub-committee which prepared the Senate tariff bill.

Mr. Jones of Arkansas is the chairman of the Sub-Committee on the Tariff. He also is an ex-Confederate. He was a private soldier during the war. He was a member of the House in three Congresses, and was promoted to the Senate nine years ago. He is a lawyer, and he has taken an active part in debate from time to time, but has not been very conspicuous in tariff discussions. Mr. Jones is a tall man of commanding presence. He wears a mustache and chin-beard. He dresses almost invariably in a black frock suit, which brings out the good points of his figure. His hair and whiskers are blonde, but not gray, and he hardly looks his fifty-four years.

Mr. Mills looks all of the sixty-two years which have passed over his head. Like Mr. Vest, he is a Kentuckian, a lawyer and an ex-Confederate. He was chairman of the Ways and Means Committee in the House in the Fifty-first Congress, and brought in what was known as the Mills Tariff Bill. He had taken part in other tariff debates, and had a good theoretical knowledge of the tariff question. Mr. Mills is not ready in debate, and he loses his temper easily; but his fund of information is expected to re-enforce the arguments of Mr. Vest and Mr. Jones. Mr. Mills is a man of average height, whose mustache and short chin-whisker are a snowy white.

Of course, these five gentlemen are not the only ones whose voices will be heard frequently in the tariff debate. Mr. Sherman and Mr. Jones of Nevada have a fund of knowledge on all economic subjects, and Mr. Teller, Mr. Dolph, Mr. Platt, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Wolcott, Mr. Hale, Mr. Lodge and Mr. Chandler, on the Republican side, and Mr. Turpie, Mr. Gorman, Mr. Voorhees, Mr. Vilas, Mr. Harris, Mr. Pugh and Mr. Cockrell, on the Democratic side, will be heard from frequently. Mr. McPherson is a Democrat who has been a prominent figure in past tariff debates, but ill health will take him out of the arena this time.



HE panic, or financial stringency, or, to use the homelier but more expressive language, "hard times," were upon us. It was not wholly unexpected. I had foreseen for some years that the reckless credit business would suddenly come to an end from some failure in public confidence, and that one great house after another would fail, until the ruin of the business world was complete; but with all my foresight, I had not imagined such a condition of affairs as this proved to be.

Not that I was to suffer seriously. In my snug little business brains alone constitute the capital, and although the price of brain labor was somewhat diminished and prompt payments were the exception, still there was a moderate demand for my work, and I expected to tide over the period without any serious inconvenience. I should have done so had it not been for an unforeseen circumstance, which furnishes the material for my story.

Pride was at the bottom of it. After careful and continued observation of the human race, civilized and otherwise, I have come to the conclusion that pride is at the bottom of everything bad, and that it should be substituted for "money" in the time-honored aphorism of the antique copy-book. For some years we—my wife, my wife's mother and I—had lived contentedly in a snug little cottage within walking distance of the city's chief thoroughfare. It was surrounded by elegant mansions, but we never pined to possess them. Our little house was cozy, almost pretty within, and we were confident that in its air of comfort and homeliness, in the old sense of the word, none could compare with it. So all went well until we were bitten by the gadfly, ambition, and pride came to dwell within our four walls.

No doubt it had its origin in calls. My wife had made some acquaintances among the finer folk—for we prided ourselves on belonging to the aristocracy of brains, if not of purse—and the constant comparison of their elegant homes with our simple quarter began to tell on her amiable but feminine disposition. Handsome carriages did look a little out of place before our insignificant dwelling, and it seemed manifestly unjust that Mrs. Green should have a drawing-room, parlor and library, while one humble parlor sufficed for all our needs.

So it happened that, after much investigation and deliberation, after a thorough examination of the working of Building Associations and the possible advantages of a straight-out loan at six per cent, after a rummaging among old deeds, a sale of some property and much consultation with fat attorneys and crabbed money-lenders, we found ourselves the proud possessors of a small lot in a desirable part of the city and money enough borrowed to build a house thereon.

The house was not, of course, to be a mansion, except in comparison with our old abode. But nowadays,

architects understand throwing together a bit of plate glass, some fancy tile, a really elegant mantel or two, a space of polished floor and a vista of archways, which, while it would horrify Ruskin, bedazzles the general public, and really makes an astonishingly comfortable, almost luxurious, dwelling-place.

When winter came we were well settled down in our new abode, which my wife had made still more attractive by curtains and rugs and tables and palms thrown and set around in the artfully careless way women and artists understand and the rest of mankind secretly admire and openly grumble at. We now received calls with much pride, and my wife took especial delight in observing the effect of carriages before our aristocratic new door.

Then came the panic. Observe that while I had for some years foreseen its coming, I had failed to note its approach in the excitement of our building and moving. And, as I have remarked before, it was more terrible than I had expected it to be.

It affected us more than we cared to admit in open family council. True, we owned our lot, and we had not had to borrow all the sum paid the contractor. Moreover, the borrowed money was not due for some years, and by that time the panic would be over and the price of brain labor would probably increase so much that I would have no difficulty in collecting the required amount. If not, there was some property which we could no doubt dispose of then—though now we could not give it away—to make up the sum. But this was not the present difficulty. It was the season of the year when bills fall due. First of all, came the interest—a good round sum which took my breath away when I undertook to name it at the tea-table. Next, the taxes, and taxes on real estate are not to be evaded. Then some friend had insisted on having a new sewer laid up our street, and the sewer assessment stared me in the face every time I opened my desk. Besides this, there were the usual bills for coal and gas and water, and to make matters worse, the whole family wardrobe needed replenishing.

To tell the truth, I did not study the panic and its effects in the disinterested manner I had expected to do.

To add to the general blueness of the atmosphere, woful tales of the sufferings of the unemployed filled the columns of the newspapers, and the most direful reports of burglary and murder met our ears every day. An epidemic of crime had broken loose in our midst.

We wisely resolved, however, not to allow our empty pocketbooks to prevent our enjoying ourselves, and in consequence we accepted all invitations, determined to forget, in social intercourse, our private discomforts.

I fortunately possessed a dress-suit, and Julia knew how to fashion some bits of gauze and satin and beads into a fair representation of the evening-gowns of the fashion-plates; so, though our garments for the street were shabby, we were well equipped for parties.

We were on our way home together—my wife, her mother and myself—from one of these pleasant evenings with our friends, the Johnsons. It was after twelve, and the street-cars had stopped running; so, after some joking about a cab, we turned into a side street to walk home. It was bright starlight, and Julia was feeling so exhilarated by the scene we had just left that she suggested we go a little out of our way to walk past our old home and compare it with our present abode.

It was too ridiculous, but we did it. We three grown people in our senses stood before that little—but and laughed, actually laughed, long and loud, at the idea that it had ever seemed cozy, almost pretty, to us. Laughed to think that we had managed to exist for three years without a reception-hall and a library and a pantry and a bath-room and a furnace, and all the modern conveniences to which we had now grown so accustomed. This, too, when we were so deep in debt that we had no idea how to get out, and were perfectly aware that had we remained in the little house we would now be living comfortably, minus all worries and unpaid bills.

After a while we recovered ourselves sufficiently to walk toward home, congratulating ourselves on our good fortune in securing so beautiful a house, and entirely forgetful of our fatigue and the lateness of the hour in our joy over at last being able to live like other people. We walked slowly up the street, feasting our eyes on the severely simple outline of our roof against the sky. I was luxuriously slow in fumbling for my latch-key, a habit contracted when we first moved and I wanted time to contemplate the elegance of our oxidized copper door-knob; but at last we stood in the hall.

We were all conscious of it at the same moment. Whether it was due to some displacement of the furniture, to some disturbance of the atmosphere, or to some curious mental conditions, I leave to the Psychological Society; but, at any rate, we all knew at the same moment that a burglar had been in the house.

After giving him time to escape—if he was still within and was so inclined—I struck a match and lit the gas with trembling fingers. My wife and my wife's mother clung closely to me as I proceeded from room to room until the whole lower floor was illuminated. Why we should have been so excited, it is hard to say; for we all knew perfectly well that there was not a cent of money in the house and that the silver was locked up in the safety deposit, though I had told Julia repeatedly that no self-respecting burglar would accept silver after the repeal of the Silver Bill.

We passed eagerly from one room to another, looking for some token of his presence, and finally stopped before the library table. It was an elegant affair—polished oak, brass handles, and all that sort of thing, with one long drawer in front. To this drawer our attention was attracted; for it had been opened, the papers taken out and the bottom broken down, evidently in the search for a secret drawer.

While I was contemplating the ruin of my drawer and imagining the feelings of the burglar when compelled to depart empty-handed, my eye fell upon a glittering object on the floor. I picked it up; it was a silver three-cent piece. Now, I knew perfectly well that I possessed no such coin. I reasoned, therefore, that it must have been the burglar's. So I looked further, only to find a dime, and another and another. My discovery was quickly communicated to my wife and my wife's mother, and soon we were all three on

our knees on the floor, regardless of the wear and tear of evening-dress, tracking our burglar by the overflow from his pockets. When it was done, and the last bill and gold coin gathered up, we indulged in a burst of hysterical laughter, fully as ridiculous as that of the earlier part of the evening, or rather morning. For we had collected money in plenty to tide us over our present difficulties and make one payment on our house.

It was evident that the burglar had visited some other house earlier in the evening, and had carelessly thrust his find into his pocket, whence it had fallen unobserved in his eager and fruitless search on our premises, from which, to judge from appearances, he had made a hasty exit.

As may be supposed, we did not go to bed, but sat in the library until daylight, in evening attire, with all the lights burning, congratulating ourselves on our find.

"To think," said Julia, "that I should live to rejoice that a burglar visited us—I, who have always dreaded them so!"

It was not until the middle of the next day, as I was going home to lunch, that I began to feel twinges in what I have been educated to believe is my conscience. I hurried home to communicate my misgivings to the rest of the family.

"Julia," said I, solemnly, "this money is not ours. It belongs to some worthy person, perhaps; to some one who is as closely pressed as we were—are. It is but right that we should refund it."

"Do you mean the burglar, John?" asked Julia, with an innocence entirely overdone. "Have you found him, and is he really a respectable householder like you, who sallied forth to seek means to pay his taxes? That would account for his nervousness, poor fellow!"

But I was serious, and I finally made my wife and her mother understand that the money should be refunded. We put it carefully away in a teapot in the china closet, and awaited further developments. In the meantime, the bills continued to come in.

One day I dropped in to communicate the principal facts to our minister, and ask his advice.

"My dear young friend," said he, "I appreciate the situation. The money is not yours, but there is no way of learning to whom it belongs. Keep it, by all means keep it, but spend it worthily. And while I think of it, next Sabbath is our day for general collection for Foreign Missions. Let us hope that you will remember us generously, that more benighted souls may be saved."

I was disgusted, so I went to my lawyer. His advice was short, sharp and to the point. My unpaid bill for advice, perhaps, induced him to be more eloquent. "You're a fool," was his prelude. So I went home to tell Julia.

"I knew it!" said she, triumphantly. "Goosey, did you think you could advertise for a burglar? That night there were eight or ten burglaries—I counted in the morning paper—and wouldn't you have had a pretty time finding the owner? Nobody but the burglar would have told the truth, and, of course, he wouldn't have owned up. Let's just regard it as a Providence."

And we concluded to do so. But the ways of Providence are inscrutable, as I have often heard the ministers say, and this may account for the continued twinges of my conscience. The money was mine; so Julia said; so her mother insisted; the minister had acknowledged it; the lawyer had proved it to me. But as yet I could not bring myself to use it, and it still lay undisturbed in the teapot.

Not long after we had found the money a man was on trial in the criminal court on the charge of grand larceny. I was in the court-room at the time of the trial, and heard the testimony of one of the prosecuting witnesses. He testified that a man had stopped him on the street one night and compelled him to give up his money. Although it was dark and he could not see the man distinctly, he thought the defendant and he were the same, and with the aid of the police had had him indicted. The night of the occurrence was the same on which the burglar had visited our house. The witness testified that among the money taken from him was a silver half-dollar coined in 1832, which he had been carrying for some time, as its peculiarity had attracted his attention. It was not milled on the edge, and, instead of the mills, bore on the edge the words, "half-dollar" and "fifty cents," and he had cut his initials, "J. S.," on the head side of the coin. But the evidence was not clear enough to convict the prisoner, as it was not shown that such a coin had been found on him, and he was given the benefit of the doubt and acquitted. As I listened to the testimony of the witness, it occurred to me that I had seen such a coin as he described among those left in our house by the burglar. When I went home I examined the coins in the teapot, and found a half-dollar, dated 1832, with the initials "J. S." on one side, just as the witness had described it.

Feeling sure that the money had been taken from the man whom I had heard testify, I hunted him up, showed him the coin, and explained to him the circumstances under which we had found it. The sum was considerably less than that which had been taken from him; but as it was probably his money, I gave it all to him and went to my home with a lightened conscience.

True, the taxes had become delinquent, the sewer assessment still stared me in the face, the collection for Foreign Missions was not swelled by a contribution from me, and my lawyer doubtless used strongly descriptive adjectives when he thought of my folly. The other fellow, too, the "J. S.," who so fortunately identified his half-dollar, did not seem to be troubled by scruples; for he eagerly accepted the money, although he could not prove positively that any of it except the half-dollar was his own. After considering all these things and hearing the fallacious arguments of my women folks, I would be almost convinced that I was wrong if I was not so positive from my comfortable conscience that I did the right thing in surrendering the unclaimed money.

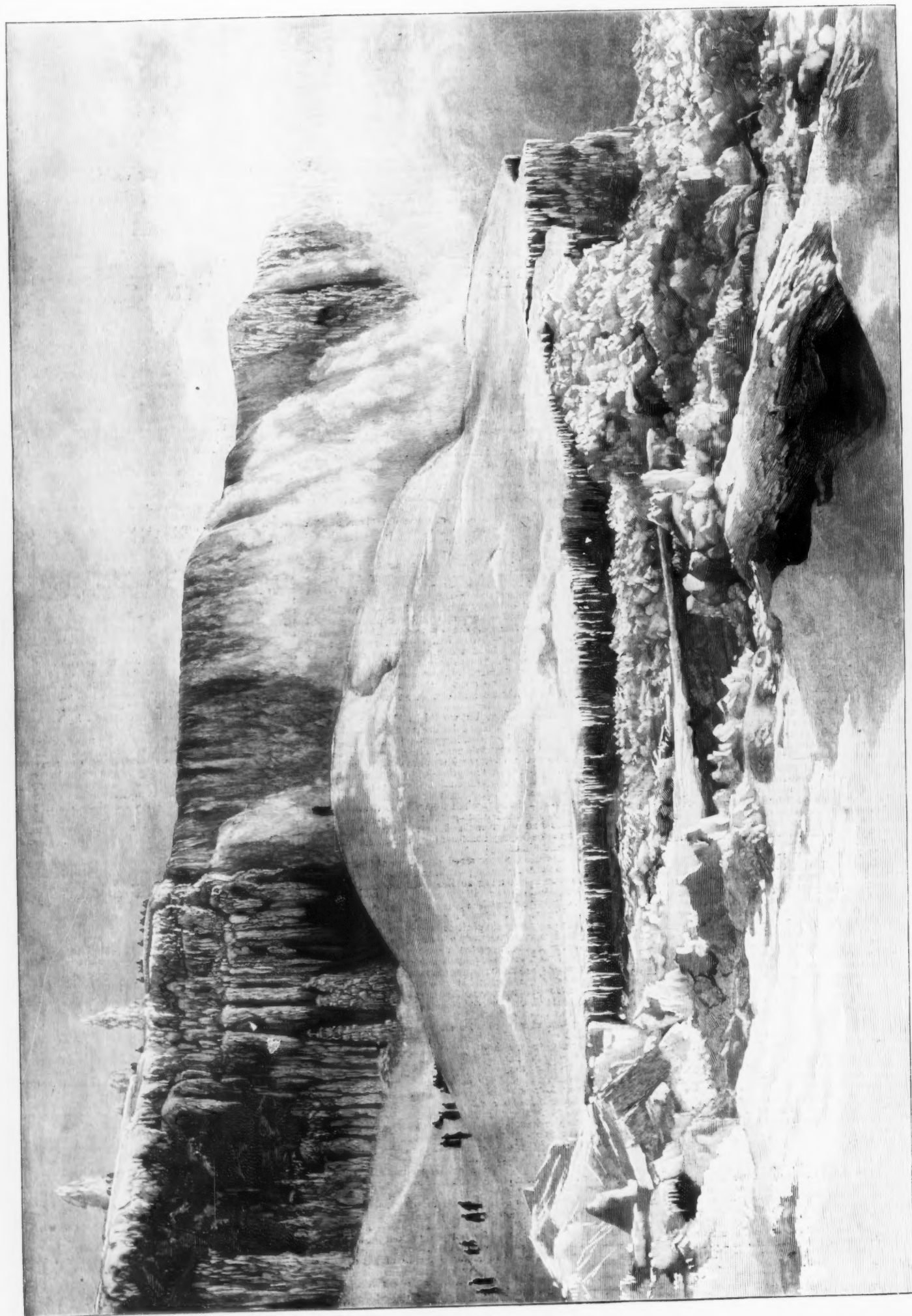
KATE MILNER RABB.

"I like this hat," said Isabel,  
"It makes my face look long and well.  
But when dear father saw the bill  
It made his face look longer still."

"When pain and anguish wring the brow  
A ministering angel thou"—Bromo-Seltzer.

#### MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.

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NIAGARA IN WINTER.—VIEW FROM THE AMERICAN SIDE.





Wheel of Fortune.

The Tea Table

Punch and Judy

ST. VALENTINE'S KETTLEDROM OF '94 AT SHERRY'S.

(See page 14.)



THE Ladies' Mutual Improvement and Read-the-News Society had been organized, much to the satisfaction of Mrs. Wallace. She had conceived the idea, and had overcome great obstacles in her effort to create this "elevating and ennobling protest against indifference to current events on the part of the average woman." We quote her own inspiring words, from a note, ament the great project, that she had written to Mrs. Wumpus.

At its first meeting—now an historic event in the neighborhood of Wakeup Terrace, Brooklyn, E.D.—the L. M. I. R. N. S. mustered five women who were inspired by the laudable longing to keep abreast of the intellectual progress their sex was making. Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Wumpus, Mrs. Wimple, Mrs. Whackem and Mrs. Wheeze had long lived in Wakeup Terrace, and had gossiped and quarreled together for several years. But at the first meeting of the L. M. I. R. N. S. they mutually agreed to give up gossip and quarrels and devote themselves to one another's mental welfare.

Mrs. Wallace, of course, was chosen president. On taking the chair, she adjusted her spectacles, smiled benignly and held up a folded newspaper to command silence. Then she delivered the following impressive words. (The historian of the L. M. I. R. N. S. feels obliged to remark that he is not responsible for the grammatical blunders that Mrs. Wallace and her colleagues employed to conceal their thoughts. It has been his duty to set down, more in sorrow than in anger, the proceedings of an organization for which he has the greatest respect. He has been influenced by the conviction that an unexpurgated edition of the doings of the society would be of more value to the public than if he had used the blue pencil freely.)

Said Mrs. Wallace: "Ladies of the Mutual Improvement and Read-the-News Society, I thank you from my heart for the honor you done me in choosin' me to preside over your meetin's. As you all know, it has been my desire for a long time past to improve the intellectual status of the sex in this vicinity. My heart throbs with joy when I look forth upon this nucleus of a great crusade against ignorance in the high places of the household. We have got together here in the name of reform—a name, sisters, as has been much injured by the premature and misdirected efforts of our sex. Women reformers ain't pop'lar. They never has been since Eve tried to improve her scanty knowledge by eatin' the apple that w'n't her'n."

Mrs. Wallace paused. An awed silence reigned in the room. Mrs. Whackem was very red, and seemed to control herself with difficulty. Mrs. Wallace remembered, on the instant, that Mrs. Whackem was not happily married, and had sometimes been inclined to defend Eve in her independent attitude toward the forbidden fruit. Mrs. Wallace, in the interests of harmony, at once began to hedge:

"Understand me, sisters, I don't cast no reflection on Eve. Far be it from me to imply that our ancestor in the Garden o' Eden didn't have a proper respect for her rights and a very laudable desire to know a little more'n the law allowed; but what I do say is this: As a reformer, she made herself disliked. Satan chuckled, Adam grumbled, and her Maker's wrath was roused. I've always felt sorry for Eve. She was a poor, lone woman, stackin' up agin' a very powerful combination."

Mrs. Wallace paused. She had obtained her concluding sentence from words let fall by her worldly-wise and rather slangy lesser half.

"But do you, can you approve of her disobedience?" asked Mrs. Wimple, a pretty little woman, who had not been married long, and who trembled at her own boldness as her voice faltered forth her very pertinent question.

"I do, and I don't," answered the wily Mrs. Wallace, who could never have founded the L. M. I. R. N. S. if she had not been by nature a diplomatist. "Let me explain. I can't back her up for disobeyin' her Maker; but I can understand how she got a good deal bored, walkin' around the garden with Adam and talkin' about the weather an' the crops. Adam didn't have no club, and his duties as overseer weren't confinin'. Then Eve—I ain't got nothin' but my inner consciousness for sayin' this—Eve kept askin' him questions he couldn't answer. Sisters, don't you understand how she felt? She wanted to know about lots o' things; but Adam couldn't tell her, and her Maker wouldn't. Then Satan come—he always chooses just the right time—and agreed to give her pointers on lots o' things. Now, honest, sisters, w'n't that a great temptation? Put yourselves in her place. Think o' that fruit a-hangin' there and you a-wantin' it, and Adam fast asleep on the grass. Your Maker'd seem awful far away, and Adam 'ud look pesky stupid a-lyin' there snorin'. Understand, I ain't defendin' Eve in disobeyin' her Maker; but I'm only sayin' that her longin' for reform was mighty nat'ral. She give way to it and was punished, and women reformers has been looked upon with suspicion ever since. But our organization, sisters, is perfectly legitimate. In readin' the newspapers we won't eat any forbidden fruit, if we buy the right newspapers and is very careful about selectin' things. I am sure we are not doin' anything wrong, as I understand that our respective husbands approve of our designs. Am I not right, Mrs. Wumpus?"

"Well," answered Mrs. Wumpus, rather reluctantly, "John w'n't enthusiastic about it, but he said it wouldn't do me no harm to know a little more."

#### 160 WORLD'S FAIR PHOTOS FOR \$1.

These beautiful pictures are now ready for delivery in ten complete parts—16 pictures comprising each part—and the whole set can be secured by the payment of One Dollar, sent to Geo. H. HEAFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill., and the portfolios of pictures will be sent, free of expense, by mail to subscribers. Remittances should be made by draft, money order, or registered letter.

Mrs. Whackem turned red again. "My husband said the same nasty thing!" she cried, excitedly; "but I told him he didn't know enough about the tariff to keep out o' debt, and that just about shut him up."

The president looked at Mrs. Wimple, who flushed. "Well, Charley was awfully sweet about it," she confessed, smiling with embarrassment. "He said I'd learned a good deal lately, he thought, but if I really wanted to join the society, he wouldn't object. He's just so good-natured he'd let me do anything, I guess."

Mrs. Wheeze almost snorted. "You just wait, girl. He'll change fast enough! My old man said I knew too much already; but I told him my business was my business, and if he didn't like my joinin' the society, he could do the next best thing. You take my advice, Mrs. Wimple; don't have no nonsense about things. You just tell your husband that things is none of his business. He'll come 'round quick enough. He may be sulky at first, but don't give him no soft solder. You go your way, and let him go his. That's the only way of bein' able to live with a man for any length o' time."

Here Mrs. Wumpus gave a little shriek. "Oh, girls!" she cried; "do you know the hour is up? I must get back to my bakin'. And we haven't read a line. It's a shame!"

The president frowned. "I apologize to the society," she said. "My remarks were, doubtless, too long, and the newspaper has been neglected. However, I feel that I have been greatly benefited by your elevating conversation. If there are no further remarks, this meeting stands adjourned until to-morrow, at the same place and hour."



WHEN we awoke one morning in early November, we found the ground covered with the first snow of winter, which, in Montana, is always long and dreary when one is confined to the mountains and the adjacent foothills. One by one our party of bachelors gathered about the fire in the big smoking-room of the mess. We were all attached to mining companies, and for economy's sake, as well as for the sake of our digestion, we were living in a big house, having a mess which was superintended by Ah Linn. Every one was back up against the fire when the Kid member of our family put in an appearance. It did not take his young ears long to gather in the theme of our conversation, which was about bears and the chances of getting one if we went out that morning. George, the father of the mess, had just suggested that we all go out and hunt for tracks in the fresh snow. At once the Kid was all enthusiasm. "Do let us go," said he. "I have never hunted bear in my life, and I'd give my month's pay to send a skin to my mother and be able to tell her that I fired the shot which brought the owner of the hide to the ground." Before any one had an opportunity to say a word, he had invited the seven of us to go bear-hunting. No one had promised when Linn announced breakfast. At table, the Kid was all eagerness and excitement, and though one after the other told him that it was rather late to start bear-hunting, his ardor was not dampened. He acted like a young man who has discovered himself in love, and is sure all obstacles on life's stormy sea can be overcome if he can only get the object of his adoration. The outcome of his persistency was that, after breakfast, we all went to our bedrooms, put on our boots and hunting-jackets, and, taking our guns from the antlers of the antelope, deer and elk heads that adorned the walls, we started out.

Trudging through the thin layer of soft snow, we decided to let the Kid kill the bear if we tracked one. "Senator," called George, who was in the rear of the party, to one of the leaders, "let's take the Kid and go off to the left."

We all knew that George must have "nosed a b'ar," for he would not suggest leaving the rest unless he thought the game we were after was to the left. He was selfish when hunting; being a fine shot, he always liked to get an opportunity to bring home a load. No one could understand why he asked the Kid to go along, for the latter would surely want the shot if one were offered.

The three left us at a foot-trail and started up the hill. They had not proceeded far when they stopped and called to us to follow. A trail had been struck, and it was fresh. Catching up with the trio, we followed the tracks, which led us to a small cave. There were tracks at the entrance, which indicated that a female bear had gone out and in, and a larger bear—presumably the male—was still out.

George sized up the situation and sent the Kid around the ledge a couple of hundred yards, and told him to come back so he would be over the cave. "You had better do that way," said George, "for you will be able to lie prone and shoot down as the bear comes out."

"But I don't intend to lie there all day," said the Kid.

"Who asked you to? We will smoke the cave," said the old man, suiting the action to his words. It was only the work of a few minutes and a huge pile of brush was sending a dense smoke into the cave.

Having started the fire, the Senator suggested that we leave the Kid and go after the other bear. The Kid had such a sure thing he was not afraid, and his ambition to kill a bear gave him courage. He knew that when lying on his stomach he could nearly touch the top of the bear's head with his gun when she came from the cave, so he had no objection to our leaving him alone. To us, he appeared as glad that we were going, so he could brag of having killed the bear unaided. We only went a short distance down the ledge, but we were out of sight when we stopped. George and the

Senator decided to remain there so no harm could come to the Kid.

"He may get frightened," suggested the Senator. "If he does," said George, "he will shoot wild and get excited. In that state he might jump down and engage the bear in a wrestling bout. I think that we had better stay here and see the outcome."

Acting on the suggestion of one of the party, we crawled around to a point where we had a good view of the Kid. He was getting nervous; we could all see that. Soon he began to fidget and look around, as if he would like to have company. Then we heard a growl, and the next instant the Kid was flying back from the ledge as fast as his legs could carry him, leaving his gun on the ground over the cave. We called to him as soon as we could get control of ourselves from laughter, but the sound of our voices only made him run faster. While we were watching the Kid, George crept up and shot the bear, which was a large black female; and later we captured two little cubs alive.

Satisfied with our morning's sport, we picked up the Kid's rifle and hat, and taking the cubs, started for home, leaving George and the Senator to watch the carcass of the old bear until we could get a pack animal back to carry it in.

That night at dinner—we were all present but the Kid, who had not yet returned, though he had been seen by others at an old miner's cabin—how every one enjoyed rehearsing the story of the Kid's first bear-hunt!

The flames from the big pine logs were leaping up the chimney, and before the fireplace, in various attitudes of lounging, we were smoking our pipes. The Senator had told us about his first bear-hunt, and George had just finished his story and was filling his briarwood for the fourth or fifth time, when in walked the Kid. He looked crestfallen, and ashamed of his conduct. Without a word, he started for his room. We had all said: "Hello, where have you been?" but not a word was uttered regarding the hunt. We left the "joshing" to come later.

Finally George called to the Kid and asked if he got his bear. The youngster did not answer, but later came in, his face being brighter than when he went to his room. No one smiled when he said:

"Did you fellows call to me when I was chasing that bear?"

"Why, no," said the Senator. "Didn't you get a shot at her when she came out?"

"No; I got cold lying on the ground, and she came out while I was jumping about trying to get warm."

We all saw that the Kid thought we knew nothing of his fight, so we urged him on, and he said:

"Well, I went back to the edge of the ledge, and there was the biggest bear you ever saw. It must have been a male, and was nearly as tall as I am. There were two others—I thought females—that were as large as a big Newfoundland dog. When they saw me, they ran, and I chased after them, wanting to get a good shot."

In the enthusiasm of telling us a big story—and story he knew it to be—the Kid did not notice that we were all with difficulty suppressing laughter. At length, George got up from his seat and went out of the room. While he was gone the Kid regaled us with more of his story, and how the bears ran so fast they got away from him. He had just answered the Senator's question by saying: "A bear runs just like a dog, and—" when George entered, carrying the two cubs.

"Here, Kid," said he, "are your two females as big as a Newfoundland, and go out to the shed and you will find the one that was as tall as you. You make a mighty good sprinter, but you are an awfully poor story-teller. Own up. You know the growl of that old she-bear scared the life out of you."

The Kid owned up, and told us that he was not at all afraid at first; but when he heard the bear growl, his courage began to ooze out of him at every pore, and when she came out of the cave he touched her head and she gave such a growl he only thought of getting away, so did not pull the trigger. He was heartily ashamed of himself, especially so for trying to deceive us.

The Kid never attempted to deceive us again, and under the guidance of George and the Senator became one of the best shots and hunters in the country. He delights now to tell of his first bear-hunt.

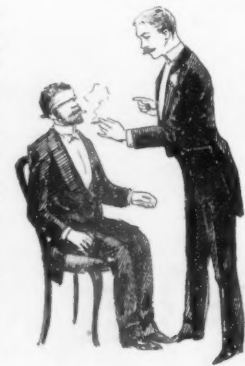
JOHN D. DAVIS.

#### SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT.

##### THE SMOKER'S ILLUSION.

HERE is an experiment which the enemies of tobacco are fond of practicing on habitual smokers, in order to prove that the alleged properties of the weed are only imaginary.

The most inveterate smoker present is shown two cigarettes, both of which he moistens with his lips. He is then blindfolded, and one of the cigarettes being lighted, the two are placed alternately between his lips. After a few minutes he



will be unable to determine which of the two cigarettes is lighted.

"Well," said the man who handed his last dollar to the lawyer. "I suppose turn about is fair play. I broke the law and the law broke me."

#### "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away."

The truthful, startling title of a book about No-to-bac, the only harmless, guaranteed tobacco-habit cure. If you want to quit and can't, use "No-to-bac." Braces up nicotine-nerves, eliminates nicotine poisons, makes weak men gain strength, weight and vigor. Positive cure, or money refunded. Sold by druggists. Book at druggists, or mailed free. Address: The Sterling Remedy Co., Box 1273, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.





**E**VEN people living in New York will recollect the Blue Glass craze that swept over this country a few years ago. For a while everything looked darkly, beautifully cerulean. From blue lips to Blue Monday was merely an open stretch of the blues. As the tramp said when he put his hand into his pocket: "There's nothing in it"; it was a delusion and a snare, and was only beneficial to those possessed by strong imaginations and who owned glass-works. I am a partner in one myself. But the present Red Glass theory is what the world has been sitting on the fence waiting for ever since it was born. Its miraculous properties have opened the eyes of even those who were not blind, and there is no foolishness about it, as the mother-in-law remarked when she came to stay.

It will surprise you to be told that this Red Glass business first started in this town of Shrimpsbury, the discovery being the result of accident and poverty. Mr. John Julipp was standing one night in front of the drug store, wherein no liquor is sold outside of medicinal purposes, arguing on finance with Pete Oppenmyer (it was only half a dollar he wanted), when, as he made affidavit to his wife, all at once he began to feel feelings worth a good deal of a dozen, while everything began to go round except the drinks, and he grew soberly hilarious, as he says. It was then that he found he had been standing in the rays thrown from a red jar in the window by a light behind it. He started the crookedest way home to tell his wife about it—so he says—got hold of the knob, but could not find the door to it, and was let in by his devoted wife, to whom, after a few preliminaries, he told this story, as she stood picking his hairs out from between her fingers. He cautioned her not to tell the wonderful secret; and so, next day, it was all over town and flopping over into the country.

This place presents the appearance of having been painted red from the numerous red glass windows everywhere, and the effects are widely spoken of. Since I put red glass in, everything goes along better in the household, and our hired girl has remained almost three weeks! It would surprise you to see how long and easily I can sleep in the red rays from the panes—really easier, I think, than in any other colored rays, if it is possible. I accidentally broke a red glass mirror, and next morning we received word that wife's aunt would not be able to pay that expected visit on account of sickness. My old neighbor, Major Tippling, has had a mishap, for which I am very sorry. He went to sleep one day with the red ray focussed on the end of his nose, the sun being extremely bright. The consequence is, that his nose is highly inflamed, and so is the major. The insinuations of some mean neighbors, he asserts, are wholly unwarranted, and we all know that in the matter of temperance the gallant major is strictly neutral, and never drinks a drop that won't pour out in a red glass tumbler; for he considers clear tumblers a transparent fraud.

A young friend of mine, who would climb a tree if he saw a young woman coming, lately affected red glass, and is now engaged to the red-headed girl in this town, and it is noted for them. There were many red panes in the Plank Street Church, and it suddenly began to draw the crowds from the others, and a wonderful religious interest was manifested there. As a necessity, the other churches were obliged to put in red glass to counteract the emigration. Red glass certainly has a wonderful corrective property. Job Swipes has put it in his woodshed, and, by taking his boys in there and letting the red rays and the lath fall on them simultaneously, said boys—who used to be ten times meaner than any others—are now only five times meaner, and we hope the good work will go on. Sol Jimson, who for years had been complaining of the rheumatism in the left arm, and swearing around, put in red panes, and it left him, going to his wife's left arm, and there is not a happier man in town. Since red glass has supplanted clear glass in Squigg's house, his daughters are highly pleased. They pronounce it perfectly lovely, and say they can look out and see their neighbors without the latter looking in; and it is so nice when they have a beau, as they are not obliged to pull down the blinders or turn down the gas.

Mrs. Von Brown is very loud in her praises, and a firm believer in its efficacy. She lives at the head of Main Street, and affirms emphatically that whenever she puts a red lantern in the window, it fetches her husband home in a few minutes. Many of our girls are in ecstasies, and would not do without red glass, from the fact that it improves their complexion and gives them rosy cheeks when the young men call. They just know in what spot to sit for the best effects. It is a great boon to many of them. I know that a little of the red glass, slightly pounded, which I prescribed for a neighborly canine who used to devote whole nights in my interest, entirely removed the bark from the dog—and the cause of my trouble. But my young, sensitive nephew's case grieves me sorely. He got a new photograph of himself, which he presented to the only girl in the world as a specimen of perfection. When he called again (he only went there every evening), what should he see the first thing but his picture in a frame with a red glass before it! He had to charge her with attempting to improve it, and left in high dudgeon, in spite of all her tearful protestations, and mopes at home in inconsolable melancholy, the sight of which touches my heart like the cold end of a ten-foot pole.

Meeting old Joe Wiford the other day, he said: "You recollect that my wife, Mandy, had her tongue para-

lyzed by overusing it and straining it? Well, she kept wanting and wanting red glass put in the sitting-room until she finally got it, though I argued against it as hard as I could. It was a very unfur—I mean, fortunate thing, 'cause it not only cured her, but made the tongue better than ever, if that's what you call it."

Red glass spectacles are seen everywhere on the streets, and from what I hear, they greatly facilitate eyes in looking after other people's affairs, while people with artificial eyes wear them now made of red glass; and red glass diamonds have entirely supplanted the white glass ones.

Prices on application.

## A LADY OF VENICE.



**W**HEN a new-old play with a brand-new star is presented before a New York audience, sharp criticism must be expected, and Miss Katharine Clemmons has realized how sharp New York criticism can be sometimes. With remarkable unanimity all the critics of the metropolitan press have "jumped on"—so to speak—the beautiful actress from San Francisco and the unfortunate play, "A Lady of Venice," selected for her debut in this city.

I had the pleasure of an interview with her the other day in her apartments at the Hoffman House.

What is this new candidate for metropolitan favor like off the stage? She had just come in from a drive, and was bubbling over with exuberant health and good spirits. Young, handsome and ambitious, were my first mental notes. Her hair is beautiful and abundant, and is noticeable for its peculiar color—a very delicate golden, almost white, it seemed to me. Every feature of her face, as well as a happy phrase spoken now and then, betrayed a poetic temperament. Her manner was at once gentle and energetic. During the conversation she changed from jest to earnest and back again to jest, always speaking with delightful candor.

"I want you to feel at home," she was saying, as she refilled my cup with tea. "You newspaper men have frowned upon me and my play with both eyebrows; but we can still be friends, you know. It is wrong to frown, though; for I have worked hard on this play, and I presented it seriously. How did I come to choose a play in blank verse? Oh, because if I had come out with a society play, people would have nodded their heads this way."

"You mean," I said, interpreting, "that people might have remarked: 'Another society actress! Just so! Same old fad!'"

"Perhaps so," she replied, laughing. "Anyway, I liked the play, and produced it for the first time in Washington, last September. Mrs. Stevenson, Secretary and Mrs. Carlisle and other members of the Cabinet came to see me, and sent me very flattering letters afterward. Then I played in several large cities, until I came, at last, to New York. Here the critics have scratched my play without mercy; and yet, after all, both the press and the public have been very kind. The press has made helpful suggestions, the public has been patient."

"I make some lightning changes in 'A Lady of Venice.' In one scene in the third act I change my costume in pitch darkness while some one sings one verse of a song. Then I have only six minutes to throw off the Princess's costume and get into the suit of armor. That armor, by the way, is in sixteen separate pieces, and weighs forty-five pounds. Do I like the play? Why, indeed I do—no matter what is said against it. It simply does not suit the public taste. 'Away with romantic drama!' says the public. 'Give us Ibsen, Oscar Wilde, Zola.' Do you know, I think Nina ought to die, in the last act. An antidote, in my mind, gives any play an ending that is positively sickening. But I could find no New York manager who would allow me to die in his theatre. The New York theatres ought to have a permanent sign, reading: 'No admittance to tragedies.'"

"You have always played as a star?"

"Yes; I have always been the Czarina of my own company, and have always directed my own affairs. I could not act under a manager. I would chafe and beat against the bars. Besides, I have not the—Well! the policy, the tact."

It is a pleasure to be able to add that Miss Clemmons has followed her unsuccessful play at the Fifth Avenue Theatre with a new play, which is proving far more acceptable. For "A Lady of Venice" she has substituted "Mrs. Dascot," a play of an entirely different nature from the one which proved such a fiasco.

"Mrs. Dascot" is purely a society play of the modern school, conventional in every respect. It affords Miss Clemmons an opportunity to wear a number of beautiful modern gowns; and, surrounded as she is by a most excellent company of the highest-salaried actors, the play has every chance of a favorable recognition from New York playgoers. Miss Clemmons will continue at the Fifth Avenue Theatre until the middle of March.—GILSON WILLETS.

## TRANSFERRED SWEETNESS.

Bobby—"Looks as if that mustache of yours had been fooling with a live wire, my boy."

Charley—"Worse than that. Mrs. Hadden just insisted on my kissing her new baby, and the little wretch had been feeding on molasses candy."

## AWFUL ALLITERATION.

It is believed that the following is the only example of complete, though awful, alliteration of the entire alphabet:

Arthur asked Amy's affections,  
Bet, being Benjamin's bride,  
Cicely cut Charley's connections,  
Deborah, Dickey denied,  
Eleanor's eye, efficacious,  
Frederick's fatiguing feels,  
Giles gained Georgiana—good gracious!  
Harry hates Helen's high heels,  
Isaac is Isabel's idol,  
Jenny jeers Jonathan Jones,  
Katie knows knock-kneed Kit Kriedal  
Loves leering Lucy Long-bones,  
Mary meets mortifications,  
Nicholas Nancy neglects,  
Oliver's odd observations,  
Prove Peter poor Patty protects,  
Quaker Quintilian's queer quibbles  
Red Rachel's reason's resist,  
Soft Simon's sympathy scribbles  
Tales to tell Tabitha Twist,  
Ursula, unthinking, undoing  
Volatile Valentine's vest,  
William's wild, wicked wooing  
Xceeds Youthful Zelica's Zest.

The above is aptly termed "Alphabetical Assertions, Briefly Collected, Describing Elegant Flirtations, Generally Happening In Joking, Kissing, Larking, Merry-making, Nutting (Opportunity Producing Queer Rumpuses), Small Talk Under Volk's Windows, 'Exciting Youthful Zeal."

## HER WORTH.

Grateful father (with deep feeling)—"It was a brave act, young man. At the peril of your life you have saved my daughter. How can I ever repay you?"

Brave Rescuer—"Would fifty cents be too much, sir?"

Jeweler—"I have shown you all the rings that I have suitable for a daughter twelve years old."

Mrs. Rosser—"Well, I've changed my mind now. I think I'll wait till she's fifteen."

Jeweler—"All right. Take a chair."

Dyspepsia Specialist (irritably)—"But, madam, you must chew your food; what were your teeth given you for?"

Female Patient (calmly)—"They weren't given to me. I bought 'em."

## AN ENORMOUS PLANT.

### A WONDERFUL FIRM.

#### ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR EVERYBODY.

During the last year there have been very few business firms that have made a success (financially and closed a good year's business)—most everybody fell behind their previous year's record; and while looking over this not pleasant state of affairs, it does us good to single out a firm that has not only held its own, but made positive and rapid strides, and increased its business even under the existing state of affairs throughout the country.

The WILDER H. MURRAY MFG CO., of CINCINNATI, OHIO, who are the manufacturers of the celebrated "Murray" Buggies and Harness, is the Company to which we refer. They have had to enlarge their facilities in order to accommodate their wonderful growth of business. Their plant now is not only the most complete, but the largest of its kind in the country. They issue the handsomest and most complete catalogue ever gotten out in the Vehicle and Harness line; this catalogue they mail free to any owner of a horse, who may write them for it.

This remarkable firm, which in the duldest of all dull years has increased its business to such an enormous extent, must have some secret for success; it has, and it is simply the fact that it gives the best quality of work for the least money.

By selling you direct from the factory their famous "Murray" \$5.95 Harness and \$55.95 Buggies, they save you three separate and distinct profits, which, when figured out, means a saving to you of fully 60 per cent; besides, manufacturing in such mammoth quantities as they do, and buying their raw material for cash, it puts them in a position to manufacture their work much cheaper than any other factory on the globe.

Such worthy enterprises deserve the support of the entire country, and it seems that they are getting it, from the almost marvelous growth of their establishment. Would there were more such enterprising people as this firm.



DAVID AND GOLIATH.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts a bottle.



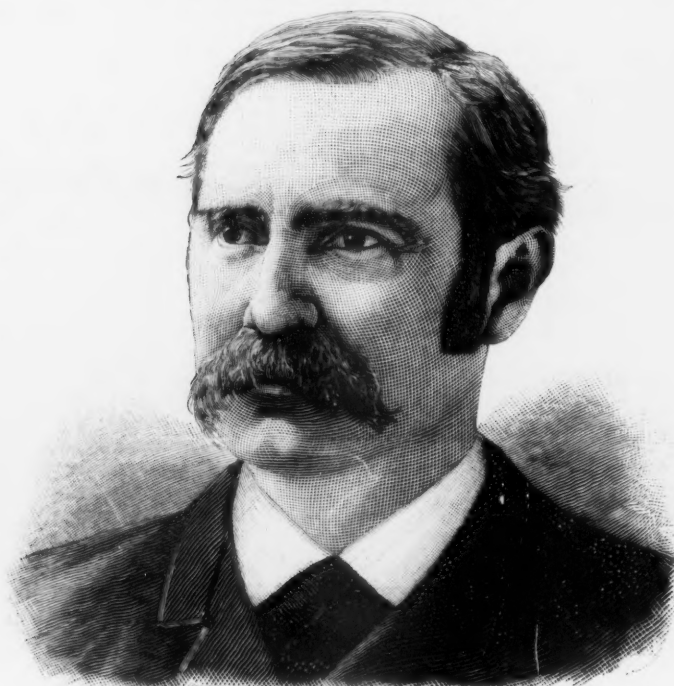
SENATOR R. Q. MILLS, OF TEXAS.



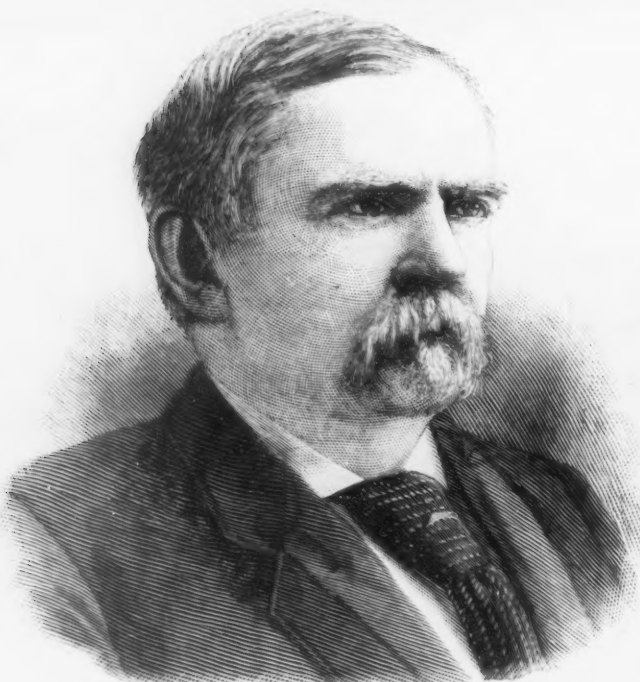
SENATOR H. C. LODGE, OF MASSACHUSETTS.



SENATOR W. B. ALLISON, OF IOWA.



SENATOR N. W. ALDRICH, OF RHODE ISLAND.



SENATOR G. G. VEST, OF MISSOURI.

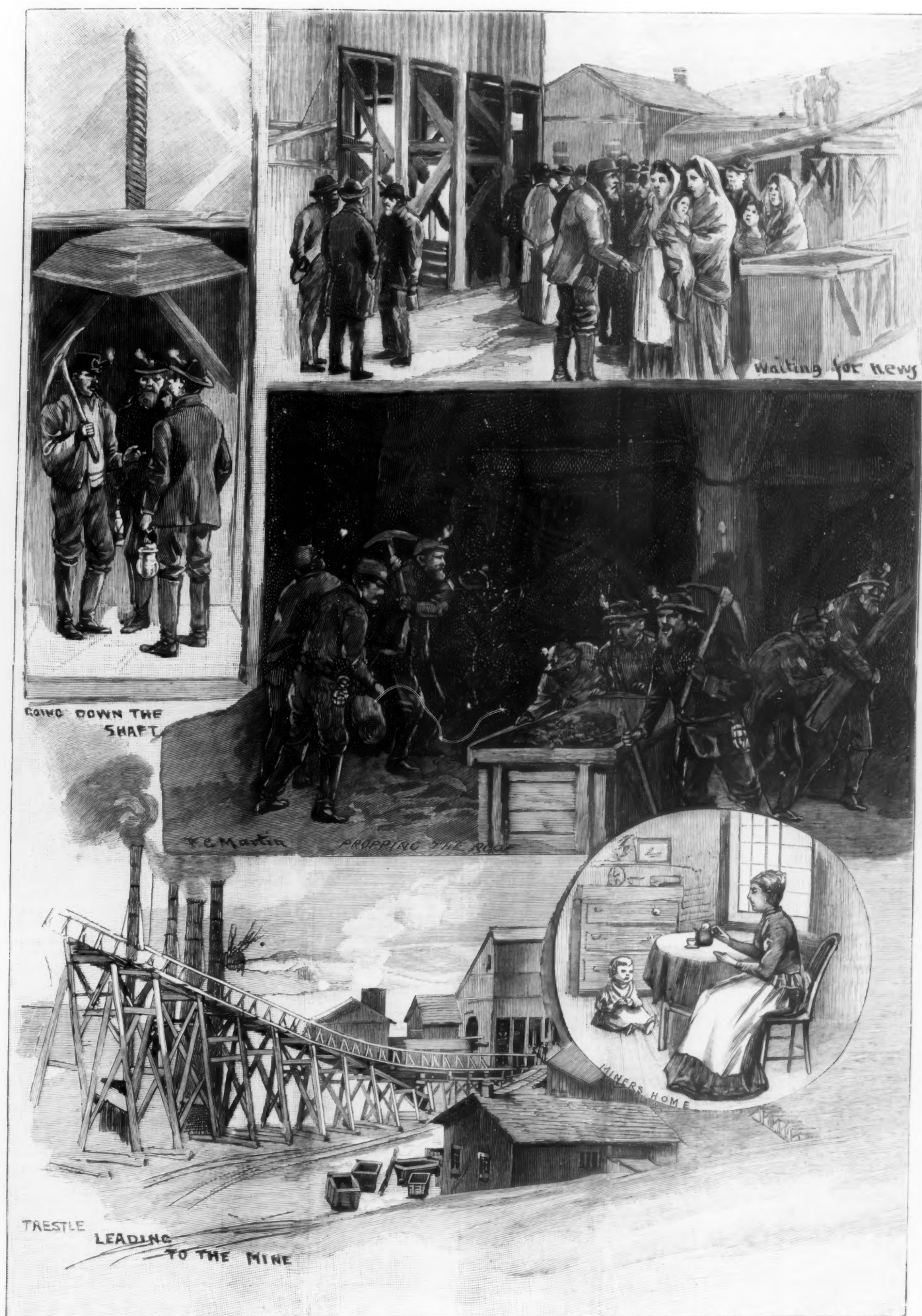


SENATOR JAMES K. JONES, OF ARKANSAS.

## SOME LEADING TARIFF DEBATERS.

(See page 6.)





THE DISASTER IN THE GAYLORD MINE, WILKESBARRE, PA.—THIRTEEN MINERS ENTOMBED.

Sketched on the Spot by our Special Artist, F. C. MARTIN.

(See page 3.)

## A CHAT ABOUT CLOTHES.

My dear fashionable sisters, who walk forth in all the glory of your new incroyable bows of black moire and cream lace, would you like to hear the opinion of a man—a young man—and an artist, too, on this latest freak of fashion? He had the audacity to say to me that it invariably reminded him of the crape that is hung up on a door to announce the passing of the Death-Angel. He admitted that the idea first came to him when a lady of his acquaintance having taken off "the thing," as he contemptuously called it, hung it temporarily on the door-knob, forcing every one in the room to shudder and speedily demand its removal. Now, though not to say in love with the novelty in question, I had made up my mind to admire it, and was even toying with the temptation of indulging in one; but this terrible dictum has effectually put my longings to flight, and now I find myself actually pitying the misguided women who wear these unlucky bows, fondly imagining that they are things of beauty. In Paris white and colored ones are worn; but, with one exception, all that I have seen here are of the somber hue. The odd one I saw on a lady on Fifth Avenue the other day. It was of velvet, in an indescribable shade of pale purplish magenta, and had ends of rich twine-colored lace. The wearer was tall and clear-complexioned, and the bow lent her a decided look of distinction.

There are certainly some grounds for the assertion that women dress—not to command the admiration of men, but to excite the envy of their sister women. Otherwise, there is no accounting for the eccentric styles that are successively forced on our acceptance and courageously adopted by us, despite the remonstrances and even jeers of our male friends and relations. But it is no harm for us occasionally to look at ourselves through male eyes and learn exactly what impression we make on the superior half of creation. I was rather amused the other day at the description given me by a man of a bonnet he had noticed at the Opera on the previous night. He informed me gravely that the wearer had bought two embroidery rings and bound them with bright yellow ribbon and sewed them together. Then she had pinned a filigree bow in front. What he meant by a "filigree bow" I could not exactly determine; but he said the general effect of the head-dress, perched, as it was, on top of an aggressively red coiffure, was irresistibly grotesque. Yet no doubt the wearer, all blissfully unconscious of the hostile criticism provoked by her new crownless toque, was serene-

ly convinced that it was a triumph of the milliner's art, and that not less than half a dozen of her immediate neighbors were taking the pattern of it home in their mind.

Of more assured title to beauty was a coquettish hat seen in the Park one day last week, and here illustrated. It was

dressmaker's art; namely, the seamless kid bodice. Different colors are used in making up this striking novelty, black being preferred for day wear. One of these, seen at a leading dressmaker's, had a double row of steel buttons at the waist, velvet collar, revers and basque, and a plaited sash. An evening bodice,



made of velvet, with a brim divided at one side to admit of a large bunch of black feathers, and was tied under the chin with a bow of ribbon. Bows of ribbon are, in fact, the fashion of the hour, rosettes being now done with and cast aside. Huge bows are placed on the backs of bonnets, with an effect that is the least bit surprising; but no doubt we shall quickly be educated up to finding them both pretty and becoming. The favorite flower in millinery just now is the homely but cheerful geranium, in cerise, scarlet and crimson. Cerise, especially, is a color much affected in smart circles, whole blouses being in vogue made in watered silk of that brilliant hue, and trimmed with broad bands of Russian lace.

Velvet blouses contend with silk ones for popularity, and seem, in fact, to predominate. They are eminently suited for early evening wear. The one shown is cut on a simple plan, drawn full into the waist with a buckle of fine steel, while the basque is full, the sleeves fall over the hands and the décolletage is outlined with double frills of chiffon. No better substitute could be provided for a last year's bodice, past wearing, the skirt belonging to it being still in passable condition.

The neat little riding-habit shown is carried out in covert suiting, which has a warp of tan and white, crossed by a weft of blue, with grayish shades. The habit is made like a Norfolk jacket, open at the top to reveal a shirt and necktie. Tan-colored cape gloves and a jockey cap of silk, or of the same material as the habit, complete this smart little costume.

The street gown in the fourth illustration is of nut-brown beige. The coat-bodice is double-breasted, and has a top collar in black moire, and large embossed buttons. A bib and high collar-band are worn with it, and wristlets, in either velvet or astrakhan. The hat is black velvet, the brim turned up under rosette bows, in ribbon matching the plaited aigrettes.

An entirely new fabric, manufactured by an English firm, is called silk seal. It is notable for its richness, and has also the desirable quality of not being affected by the weather. It is passed through a thorough waterproofing process in the making, and hence supplies a much needed material for handsome rainy-day cloaks.

The rage for seamless bodices has resulted in a marvelous triumph of the

in fawn kid with brown cloth trimmings, was immensely effective. The fit of these garments is absolutely perfect, making the wearers look almost as if they had been poured into them. Of course, they are expensive, and not at all serviceable; but a *belle mondaine* doesn't mind these trifling considerations.

The shops are now full of summer fabrics, mostly crepons and creped goods, striped horizontally. Perpendicular stripes are things of the past, which is a pity, as they lent themselves to valuable effects on short and stout women. The latter will find the newer modes somewhat unmanageable, as horizontal stripes have an alarming tendency to shorten and broaden the figure; but, as some one remarked the other day, the rising generation of young women are all giants, so no doubt the style is introduced to meet the necessities of the case.

I will close by telling you of something entirely new—not to wear, however, but suitable for a gift to a bride or young married woman. It is a "Book of Wedding Days," arranged on the plan of a Birthday Book, but far more sumptuous than any of the latter that I have ever seen.

It is a large, handsome volume, bound in white, the cover bearing a beautiful device by Walter Crane, who has also profusely illustrated the whole book. An artistic frontispiece consists of a scroll held up by a Cupid, on which are written the popular saws about each day of the week regarded as a wedding-day. Poetical quotations for each day are chosen from the best poets of all times, and quaintly original borders surround the pages. This is one of the daintiest novelties of its kind produced for a long time, and it will no doubt have a great vogue among young people.

Grindolen Gay

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EUROPEAN physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma, in the Kola plant found on the Congo river, West Africa. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma, who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.

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## ST. VALENTINE'S KETTLEDRUM OF '94.

THE annual St. Valentine's Kettledrum in aid of the Samaritan Home for the Aged, was held in Sherry's big white-and-gold ball-room, and proved, as usual, a great success. A host of well-known society women and young girls presided at the various tables and booths where fancy articles, toys, sweets, flowers and even live stock—such as canaries, puppies, kittens and chameleons—were awaiting purchase. The greater number of these attractive articles were rapidly disposed of to the visitors, big and little, who filled the bazaar-room. A Punch-and-Judy Show and the inevitable grab-bag proved big drawing-cards for the boys and girls. An interesting feature for grown-up purchasers was a collection of plaster-casts, the work of well-known artists, which sold readily.

Lander's orchestra furnished excellent music all afternoon and evening. In the early part of the day the youngsters were allowed to take possession of the floor, and danced to their heart's content. Later, when the tables had been nearly depleted of their tempting wares, they were pushed aside, and from ten to twelve dancing was general.

The following are the names of those who took prominent part in the Kettledrum: Fancy goods table—Mrs. Richard Irvin, Mrs. J. Andariese, Mrs. John Beckman, Mrs. James Benkard, Mrs. W. P. Douglas, Mrs. Arthur Randolph, Miss Beach, Miss Amy Townsend, Miss Post, Miss Cora Randolph, Miss Amy Bend and others. Flower booth—Mrs. Alexander Webb, Mrs. John Lyon, Mrs. George Parsons and Mrs. Harry Alexandre, assisted by the three Misses Webb, Miss Edith Knowlton, Miss Maud Livingston and Miss Massie Strong. Tea-table—Mrs. Newbold LeRoy Edgar, Mrs. W. Manice and Mrs. Robert Huntington, Jr., assisted by Miss Brewster, the Misses Del Monté, Miss Esther Hunt, Miss Manice, Miss Potter, Miss Margaretta Lawrence and Miss Louise Baldwin. Confectionery table—Mrs. H. R. Duval, Mrs. John Lowery and Miss Rogers. Toy table—Mrs. Remsen, Mrs. C. A. Childs, Mrs. C. B. Hillhouse and the Misses Remsen. Plaster-casts—Mrs. William Herbert. Live pets—Mrs. James Hurry. Grab-bag and Punch-and-Judy Show—Mrs. Howland Davis. Ice-cream—Mrs. Gustave Kissel and Mrs. J. J. Higginson.—(See page 9.)

Mrs. Stork—"Tell me, is it considered bad form for a woman in society to write a book?"

Van Trump—"The kind society women write—Yes."

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## TALKS WITH MOTHERS.—No. 2. FEEDING THE BABY.

Much is written at the present day about the care and feeding of infants by people whose only capability for dealing with the subject is a fertile brain, and whose only aim is to appear in print; every mother knows how unsatisfactory and fallacious such advice is when she attempts to follow it. How to feed the baby is the greatest problem met with in the happy state of motherhood, and upon its solution depends the health, the happiness and the life of the child. If the mother is able to nurse her child, the question of feeding is practically settled; if she is not, she should be guided by those who have had successful experience in feeding babies and not allow herself to experiment with different foods. There are scores of artificial foods offered for sale, but the best is none too good for the baby. Eminent authorities who have thoroughly investigated the subject of infant feeding, and scientists who have analyzed infant foods, unite in pronouncing Mellin's Food to be the only perfect substitute for mother's milk. It is palatable, nourishing and strengthening; the weakest stomach will retain and digest it, and the puniest child will thrive upon it beyond the mother's fondest expectations.

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